

Quinn Puts Too Much Pep In Mickelman's Celebration

Ramblin' 'Round

By ANTHONY WAINE.



"And at this dramatic moment Hon. Mickelman, followed by Mrs. Hon. Mickelman, came out into Fire House proper with the first of the big platters."

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

BURRISVILLE CITY, March 11.

COUNCILMAN LUTHER MICKELMAN, our leading evangelical church worker and Anti-Saloon League official, engineered a pleasant surprise party of sandwiches, cold victuals and other innocent refreshments for brother Councilmen and standees at the regular Friday night meeting of Borough Council in Fire House last night.

But the most surprised party present was Hon. Mickelman, whose party and feed started out very innocent, but turned out entirely different. In fact, before Church Worker Luther Mickelman's party to Council was over one Councilman—who can't be mentioned by name on account of libel laws—was sobbing bitterly all over Fire House because, he said, Aaron Burr gave Alexander Hamilton a dirty deal.

As for Clarence Santee, the Borough unfortunate and public charge—who horned in on the party—he at this writing ain't come to yet.

The whole surprise party was cooked up on the quiet by Hon. Mickelman when he alone remembered during the past week that last night would be the eighth anniversary of the incorporation of what used to be Brick Township into our present incorporated Borough of Burrsville City.

Councilman Mickelman could have got the floor away from Hon. Cornelius F. X. Quinn easy last night. Hon. Mickelman was first to arrive at Fire House, whereas Hon. Quinn didn't get to meeting until late. Hon. Quinn having been in the metropolis all day and not arriving back here in the Borough until just after Council meeting was convened, No. 6 as usual pulling in here half an hour late.

Took Floor Unmolested

To Tell the Gondola Story

But Hon. Mickelman on arriving went into the locker room of Fire House mysteriously. So Hon. Quinn came straight from the depot to Fire House and took the floor unmolested.

"My friends," began Hon. Quinn while still taking off his overcoat, "I would this night tell you an anecdote that illustrates concretely the great abstract thought I would leave with you this night."

Hon. Mickelman so far had stayed inside the locker room—preparing the big surprise feed for Council and standees with the help of Mrs. Councilman Mickelman. It was later learned. But at the sound of Hon. Quinn speaking out in the Fire House proper Hon. Mickelman stuck his head out the door jovially.

"The story I would tell you, friends," continued Hon. Quinn, "is about the city of New York, some years ago, deciding to buy eighteen gondolas to put on the lakes of Central Park."

"The story they USED to tell, brother," broke in jovially, but sneeringly, Hon. Mickelman. "Quinn, my old father used to tell how I used to break every snot in my crib laughing over that story about the gondolas," concluded Hon. Mickelman, pulling his head back into the locker room and slamming the door.

"My friends," resumed Hon. Quinn, "regardless of the yapping of jackals, the brayings of jackasses—yes, and of jack-in-the-boxes sticking their heads into this august chamber and out again—I resume with my tale.

"The story begins, friends, with, I say,

the decision of the Board of Aldermen of New York to buy eighteen—"

"Philadelphia, Baltimore and all points west," again interrupted Hon. Mickelman, sticking his head out of the locker room again and naming towns like he was a train announcer. "Quinn, I've heard that there gondola story about Albany, San Antonio, Elmira, Manistee, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, Chicago—"

By His Bright Sally

Mickelman Gets a Laugh

"—eighteen gondolas for the Central Park lakes," shouted louder Hon. Quinn. "These boats, friends, were to be bought out of—"

"The sinking fund," again broke in Hon. Mickelman, sticking his head out of the locker room door.

Well, everybody laughed their heads off at this funny saying.

But this strain on Hon. Quinn's temper was nothing to the strain on his restraint that was coming a few seconds later. It turned out later that Hon. Quinn couldn't restrain himself for several reasons.

Among these reasons was (a) that Hon. Quinn was very hungry, he being a noble eater and having had only a light lunch in the metropolis and no supper at all on account of getting back to the Borough here just in time for the Council meeting.

Another reason was (b) that all the victuals supplied by Hon. Mickelman for his surprise party at the regular Friday night meeting of Borough Council last night consisted of ham, beef and tongue sandwiches and platters of chicken salad and cold meats.

Finally the final reason was (c) that it didn't take Hon. Quinn long to suspicion that Councilman Mickelman deliberately had supplied only meat victuals on Friday, he, Hon. Mickelman, knowing Hon. Quinn could not in conscience eat meat last night on moral grounds.

"Friends," cried Hon. Quinn—he not knowing about there being only meat on Friday or even knowing about the surprise party at all yet, and therefore still keeping his temper—"It happened that while the Board of Aldermen were debating this matter of buying the eighteen gondolas there was one City Father of New York that we'll call Alderman Malachi McIlhenny, because that isn't his name—"

"No—it was Common Councilman McGinnis," again interrupted Hon. Mickelman at the locker room door. "At least it was Councilman McGinnis, Quinn, the way my great-grandfather used to tell us children the story as it happened in the City Council of Philadelphia."

Entrance of Refreshments

Proves Dramatic Moment

And at this dramatic moment Hon. Mickelman, followed by Mrs. Hon. Mickelman, came out into Fire House proper with the first of the big platters of chicken salad and cold cuts of roast beef, turkey, tongue and more ham.

Hon. Mickelman here purposely walked in a kind of a wide circle, thus bringing the plate of sandwiches he was carrying right under Hon. Quinn's nose.

Hon. Quinn had his mouth open, all ready to reply sharply to Hon. Mickelman. But when Hon. Quinn got the appetizing whiff of sandwiches it seemed like for the first time in his life he began to think more about eating than about talking.

Ye scribe ventures the opinion here that this state of affairs was the hungriest anybody ever was in their life without their actually dropping dead from starvation.

"My friends," resumed Hon. Quinn, but speaking kind of absently, his eyes on the

plate of sandwiches and he pointing, like he was an Irish setter bird dog.

And then, before going on with his story, Hon. Quinn reached for a sandwich.

"Wes," here called jovially Hon. Luther Mickelman across Fire House to his cousin, Councilman J. Wesley Mickelman, and pointing to Hon. Quinn about to take a bite of the ham, "Wes, it's a good thing Quinn ain't a Jewish name, eh? If it was, Wes, Quinn with one bite of ham on FRIDAY would be busting into two great religions!"

Hon. Quinn here started kind of suddenly and then put the ham sandwich down on the window sill like it burnt his fingers.

So Hon. Mickelman just grinned for the next few minutes while Hon. Quinn kind of haughtily looked over the other plates of sandwiches but found they were all filled with meat.

Then while Hon. Quinn tried to hold his temper and at the same time trying to tap both feet angrily simultaneously, Hon. Mickelman jovially invited one and all to join him and Mrs. Hon. Mickelman in the palatial repast.

"And colleagues and standees," cried Hon. Mickelman above the noise of everybody—except Hon. Quinn—plunging toward the big eats, "after we have satisfied the inner man, friends, I move that Hon. Quinn give us a feast of reason with an oration on how he enjoyed his little Friday night snack."

"Eat my share, too, Quinn," hollered Hon. Mickelman. "Doc Wilbur Peter's got me on a diet, and I ain't eat solid food for a week."

"But, my friends, I can drink with you," cried Hon. Mickelman.

Everybody almost stopped eating in surprise, on account of Hon. Mickelman being our leading church worker and local Anti-Saloon League official.

Hon. Mickelman here hurried into the locker room, and with the help of Rev. Borough Clerk Pilberry, he carried into Fire House, proper, a big punch bowl of grape juice full of floating sliced fruits.

"Friends, no vile alcoholic poisons vitiate this, my favorite grape juice," cried Hon. Mickelman, looking meaningfully at Hon. Quinn—who admits he likes hard stuff within reason. "Join me, friends. And may you, Quinn, especially profit by quaffing of the unpoisoned fruits of—"

But instead of Hon. Quinn joining any-

body beside the grape juice everybody joined Hon. Quinn, he leading the way to the punch bowl by several lengths.

Quinn's Quick Revenge

Proves Popular to Many

In his hand was the heavy suit case which Hon. Quinn had brought straight from the smoker of No. 6 into Fire House.

Before anybody could stop Hon. Quinn he had the suit case opened and was pouring two full quarts of rye and one of Scotch into Hon. Mickelman's favorite beverage.

Nobody tried to stop Hon. Quinn except Hon. Mickelman. But Hon. Mickelman at every attempt seemed to get pocketed by several parties. So Hon. Quinn didn't stop pouring until he'd poured in two bottles of Gordon gin and a quart of apple-jack.

Right away there were shouts. Hon. Mickelman was shouting protests from behind the backs of the last rows wedged around the punch bowl. Hon. Quinn was shouting his regrets that owing to Hon. Mickelman's religions, the Turkish and the Mohammedan and the Holy Rollers, Hon. Mickelman couldn't quaff with them without he busting all his great religions.

And all the other guests at what was Hon. Mickelman's party were shouting three rousing cheers for "Quinn night" in Fire House—all except Hon. Mickelman, Pilberry and Miss Councilwoman Faith Prettyman.

"And so, my friends," Hon. Quinn was shouting as the Borough Light & Power were getting ready to turn off the current for the night, "up stands this big blather-skite, Alderman Malachi McIlhenny, in the Board of Aldermen meeting discussing the buying of eighteen gondolas for the lakes of Central Park."

"Mr. Chairman," yells McIlhenny, "why buy eighteen of these gondolas for Cinterl Far-r-rk? Why not buy just a pair of well bred and well mated and prolific gondolas and let nature take its course?"

And the punch bowl being now empty and there being no other business before Borough Council, it was moved in the dark to adjourn.

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Astounding Curiosities of Nature

SOME curious observations made in Manchester, England, indicate that light and temperature may have a determining influence on the colors of flowers in different months.

The investigator observed a *Tropaeolum*, or nasturtium plant, which showed three types of flowers—yellow, yellow with red markings, and claret-colored. Sometimes one type predominated and sometimes another. In the offspring of this plant he noticed that the parti-colored and red flowers occurred only during fine, hot weather in the second week of August, whereas during the cold, wet periods of July, September and October all the flowers were yellow.

By self-stilizing the flowers of different colors he found that in the second generation the color of the parental flower had no determining effect, and he concludes that temperature and light are the governing influences.

MAN'S inventions are frequently only imitations, more or less clumsy, of nature's own devices. It would appear, for instance, that even insects have sounding boards, although they may be supposed to know nothing of the laws of acoustics.

Entomologists have found on the under side of the forewings of two Japanese insects, of the families *cidaria*, a curious pit or hollow closely connected with an organ believed to be used by the insect for producing strident sounds. The pit would evidently serve to concentrate the sound as the shell shaped orchestra stands reflect the melody of the instruments to the ears of the auditors.

In the Khari hills of India another species of the same insect has been found which possesses a similar set of organs. The shrill, creaking sounds that insects produce seldom fall pleasantly upon our ears, but they must produce a different effect in the insect world, else nature would hardly have provided these little musicians with sounding boards.

"SOME boat, Al!"

"Some boat is right, Fred."

"Bet she's a swift one, Al. Good for thirty an hour anyhow."

"You said it—easy."

"Wouldn't be surprised if she could do forty."

"Think so myself—easy."

"Or fifty."

"Oh, easy enough, Fred, easy enough."

"It says on the sign that this boat was bought by Ed Wynn, the comedian. Didn't know he could afford \$10,000 boats."

"Oh, easy. Lookit the salary he gets."

"Yeah, there's something in that. Bet he gets \$3,000 a week."

"Oh, easy."

THE gentlemen, it is our duty to confide, enjoyed that little conversation—and a good deal more of it—liberally sprinkled with enthusiastic "Oh, easy's!" from Fred—at the recent Motor Boat Show at Grand Central Palace.

They spent half an hour admiring Ed Wynn's new boat. So did we. Among other things, we ascended to the deck, seated ourself at the steering wheel, enjoyed a five minute rest in one of the luxuriously upholstered cabin seats, inspected the motor, played with the lights, and then, satisfied that everything was in working order and of the best, pronounced it an excellent boat.

Next to Ed Wynn's boat was one that Frank Bacon must have bought. Its name, according to a placard, was "Lightnin'."

SMOKING engines have become so universal a nuisance that the management evidently thought it wise to serve warning on all refractory motors. Near one of the engine exhibits was a large "NO SMOKING" sign.

In this exhibit, by the way, there was displayed what the designers termed "an engine of refinement." This puzzled us at first, for we didn't know what qualities were expected of an engine before it could be considered refined; but later, when we read in a circular of another manufacturer's product "this engine does not spit," we understood.

Another thing that struck us is the fact that, despite the great American drought, our manufacturers continue to provide their boats with port holes.

It may or may not interest you to know that one of the most interesting exhibits was an iceboat. We hope you won't be annoyed when we point out that most of the metal in this iceboat was chilled steel. Honest; it's a cold fact.

This ice craft weighed 900 pounds and sold for \$900, or a dollar a pound.

IN the coat room it was our extreme pleasure to meet our old friend Tony Rogers, who represents Harry Stevens at these affairs. Tony was acting as cashier of the improvised restaurant. This sort of thing is his specialty. At the recent world series Tony was in charge of the money brought in by the hot dog and peanut boys.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Tony when he spied us. "How y'been?"

"O. K., Tony, old darling," we assured him. "And you?"

"Fine," said Tony. "Just got in from Cuba. Was working in the clubhouse of the racetrack at Havana for Harry Stevens. Been gone three months. And only intended to stay five weeks."

"Bet you'd like to be there right now, eh, what, Tony?"

"Not on your life," said Tony. "I'm tickled to death to be back. It's a helova place."

"You puzzle me, Tony," we said. "First you say you intended to stay five weeks and stayed three months. And now, if I may quote the shocking expression, you tell me it's a helova place. And did the frowning brows of Cuba have no attractions, then?"

"Well," said Tony, "I'll admit it wasn't bad to be able to buy a tippie of hooch for a dime. But, honest, the soda they sell down there is rotten—absolutely rotten."

"Suppose it is, Tony? Let those who are interested in soda worry about that."

"Honest," said Tony with a twinkle in his eye, "I came home to get a good glass of soda. When I have booze, I want soda; when I have soda I want booze."

"Tony," we gravely addressed him, "I think you are kidding."

"I'm not," protested Tony. "When I was in Cuba and could get all the hooch I wanted, I no longer wanted it. I wanted soda. And failing to get it, I began to knock Cuba and call it a bum country and ev'rything. The only good soda you can buy there is the stuff imported from America and that's so dear it was cheaper to return to America for a glass of the stuff."

"Well, have you had your soda yet, Tony?" we inquired. "If you haven't, I'll buy you one. Come on!"

"Soda?" mocked Tony. "Pooh! Now that I can get soda I want hooch."

Tony is a puzzle.

TONY tells us that Harry Stevens's vendors are doing a rushing business at the Havana racetrack. They are finding Cuba a moneyed isle.

We prophesy that some day, when the well known caterer gets the theatrical urge, he will present his Cuban vendors in that well known play—Stevens's "Treasure Island."

THERE are some jokes that are always good for a laugh: the grandmother's funeral joke, the mother-in-law gag and the wheeze about the unpronounceableness of Russian names.

At a performance of the "Chauve Souris" the other day, Balieff, in his delightful near English, was saying, "Neksummer onna perogramm ees ver' hard to perunnts; we call eet *Chatoushki*."

At this point some one in the audience sneezed. Every one in the theater roared: it was one of the heartiest laughs of the performance. Thirty years from now we expect to hear the leading comedian of the day convulse his audience with a gag beginning, "As I was walking down the street the other day, I met my friend Pzuchtrovski—some name that—you sneeze it."

PEAKING of gags that refuse to die, these are as popular in the subway as ever:

"Packed like sardines."

"It's so jammed in here a guy can't fall over."

"After a few days of this a feller can play on any football team in the country."

"Will some one please take his elbow outta my stomach?"

Any one of them is good for a hearty laugh. Some day we're going to write a play around those four wheezes. The only thing that worries us is the possibility of our first-night audience laughing itself to death and causing the play to be taken off the boards on account of overclichicality.

What New Yorker can't visualize the thing? "Packed like sardines," says the leading man as he looks for a seat in the crowded subway train—and a thousand people in the audience break blood vessels laughing. No, we had better refrain; it would be too dangerous.

"BRAVO!"

AT the conclusion of a recent concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, some enthusiastic souls who sat near us greeted Conductor Mengelberg with "Bravo!" after "Bravo!" It irritated us. We don't know why. But it did. It has always seemed to us that there ought to be some American word or phrase—a short equivalent for "You done noble, kid!"—that Americans can holler when a conductor has swung his baton with effect and hit a home run.

"Bravo!" reeks of the tea room and the lit'ry salon; it is an excellent word for those who are "intrigued" by things, a splendid word for the high priests of affectation. No one who has ever hollered "Attaboy!" at a ball game will have anything to do with it. And many such, strange as it may seem to the eyebrow-elevating highbrows, attend concerts.

The next time we hear any one cry "Bravo!" there's going to be a murder. Those in sympathy with us please holler "Attaboy!"

AND when we've done away with the "Bravo!" nuisance, we're going to institute another great concert hall reform; we're going to declare war on the people who bring opera glasses to concerts. One look at an oaf inspecting the orchestra through a pair of opera glasses and our interest in the concert is gone; our thoughts jump from music to manslaughter.

What benefits are derived from the use of opera glasses at a concert is beyond us. It is true that with the aid of "lookers" one can determine whether those are really stiff shirts the musicians wear or just waiters' "dickies," but even this is insufficient to justify the practice.

The next time we see any one flash a pair of opera glasses at a concert we're going to pull out a lorgnette—which we intend to buy one of these days—and burlesque every move. So that if you see an "EJECTED FROM CARNEGIE HALL" headline in your favorite paper you'll know who it was they threw out. We'll suffer any humiliation in a good cause.

THE FENCE CAT.

ANOTHER thing that makes me hot under the collar—or would, if I owned a collar like those swell Fifth avenue cats—is the kind o' catnip they're makin' these days," said the Fence Cat. "In the old days when things went wrong a cat could buy a bag of real catnip for a nickel, get a jag on and forget his troubles. Now that Prohibition is here and they're only allowed to sell one-half per cent. catnip, things are different. The stuff is punk. A cat might just as well try to get a kick outta cabbage leaves as outta the junk they sell you nowadays. One whiff of the old fashioned catnip was enough to make a feller feel jolly; why, you can eat a whole pound of the new kind and it doesn't even give you the mildest kind of glow."

"It ain't right, I'm tellin' you. The lucky cats that live with rich families can get the real thing, but us poor downtrodden cats hafta suffer. I'm gonna bring the question up at a meetin' of my Soviet next week. Somethin' oughta be done. If they don't put the nip back in catnip there's gonna be trouble. Us cats'll get together and refuse to catch any more mice and then the country will be in a fine mess. Well, so long. I see a hunk of liver in the next yard."